

COMFORT

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Comfort by K. H. J.

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THE MIND
ANATOMY

EDWARD O. JENKINS' PRINT,

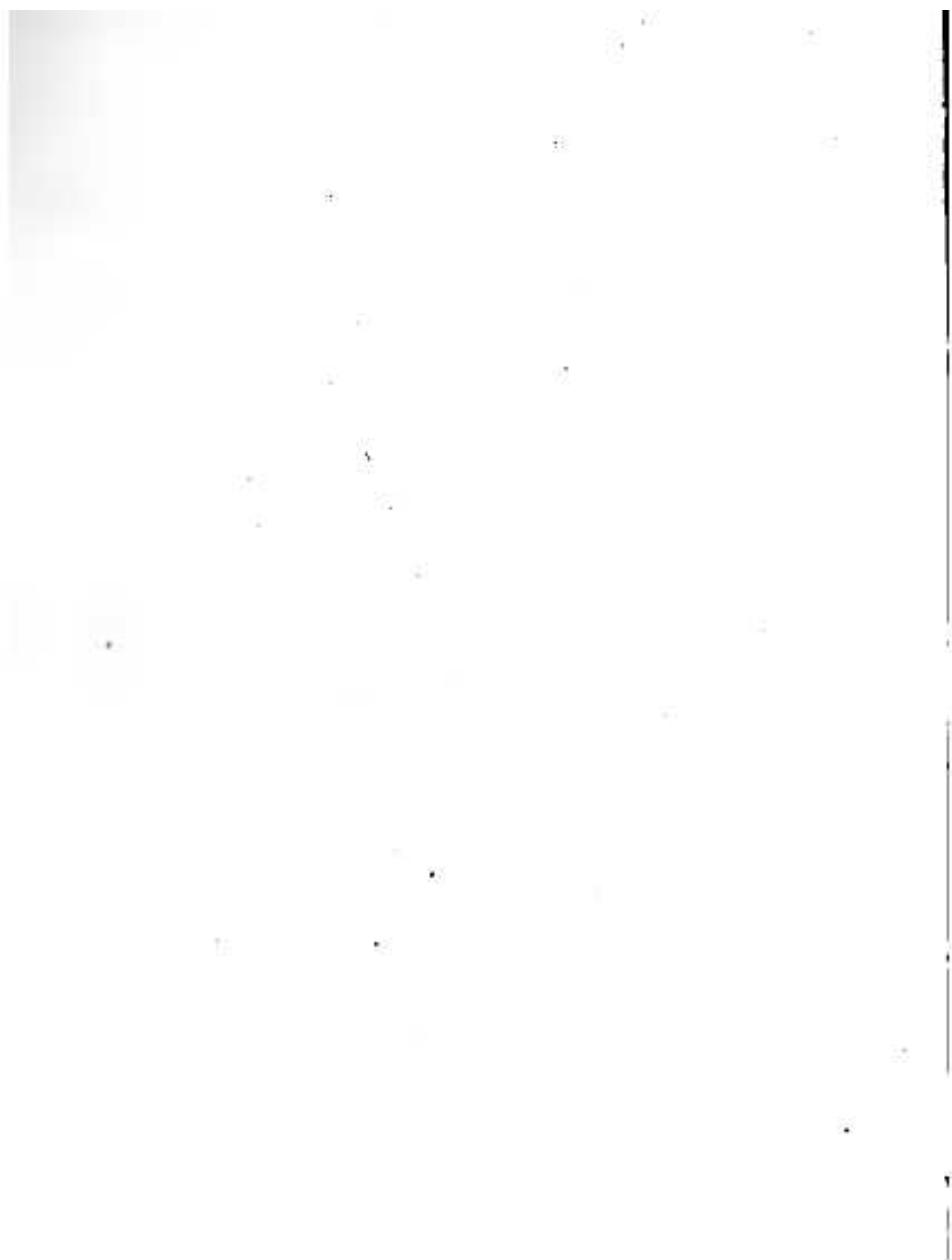
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MAIN

*To the toilers and sufferers, on the way to
the "better country," may these words come
with something of help and healing.*

284703



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8 THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

"It is nothing but ' wood, hay and stubble,'"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned."

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patch-work combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But oh, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue!

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT. 9

And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half-compassionate yearning,
I felt she had grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
“Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?”

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew:

Perhaps as He looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,